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1875.

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The Bloomfield Record.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1875.

Whole No. 119.

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Early Fruit and Vegetables.

There is perhaps nothing that so impresses an American with the extent of his country and the variety of climates existing in it as the fact that the markets in our great cities are constantly supplied with fruits and vegetables during the entire year, in apparent ignorance and defiance of the seasons. The New Yorker who but lately has shivered in his coat and buttons under warm weather is never coming, eats with his joint of spring lamb at lunch a saucer of fresh green peas that were sent here from Virginia only yesterday, and finishes his repast with strawberries whose taste and color prove them to have been but recently plucked.

The semi-tropic gardens of the South and West, whose vegetation knows no winter sleep, send us their products fresh and green while all our Northern fields are blanketed in snow and locked by ice. Thus the rich citizen of this or any other Northern centre of commerce knows no lack of toothsome fruits or esculent vegetables. And the masses are only slightly less favored. Long before the fields in our suburbs have been awakened by the warmth and rain of springtime the marketman and the restaurateur present their patrons with the Southern growths that have already sprung into ripeness and have been imported here at a cost but little more than what will be asked for the same commodities when our own and neighboring States contribute them.

The market stuff that reaches New York in any great quantity is imported from the Bermudas, which are from three to six days distant. Tomatoes, potatoes, beets and onions are brought from there, and are those now offered for sale in the city. These vegetables first arrived during the latter part of last month, but are frequently a fortnight earlier.

The green peas and strawberries which have just made their appearance in the markets are from Charleston, S. C. These crops are also backward with the spring, and are much reduced in quantity and impaired in flavor by the late frosts—notably that of Saturday last, which was of unusual severity, and was felt from New Orleans to Canada. Those peas and strawberries which were offered here on last week were, on this account, much more finely flavored than those of subsequent importation.

The great centre of greenstuffs, and one that promises to become a worthy rival to New Jersey and Long Island, is Norfolk, Norfolk and Portsmouth are removed but twenty-four hours from us, while Delaware and "South Jersey" are but little less, and Charleston is sixty hours away. The new cabbage, kale, spinach, lettuce, and radishes which are now in the market were plucked yesterday and are equal to the best of similar growths from Delaware, New Jersey and Long Island. When the peas and strawberries which are now being harvested in South Carolina begin to fail, at about the 1st of May, Norfolk will begin exporting them, in addition to string and Lima beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, squashes and potatoes, which will continue to come here in great quantities until the height of the season.

Two weeks after the Norfolk strawberry crop begins to decline, at the end of May, this fruit ripens in and is shipped from Maryland. At about this same period the New Jersey small fruits and asparagus begin to arrive until the height of the fruit season in June. Strawberries remain in the market until late in July, coming at the last from the northern part of New Jersey and the centre of New York.

The greatest profusion of fruit is to be found in market from the 1st to the 15th of June. It is then that Southern New Jersey, Maryland and Long Island farmers are reaping their products. Potatoes, early corn, turnips, parsnips, carrots, squashes, blackberries, raspberries, whortleberries and citron melons are the principal commodities at this time. South Carolina sweet potatoes are also for sale, but these do not equal the sweet potatoes from Virginia, Delaware, and South Jersey, which began to appear here early in July.

Peaches and grapes arrive a month later. Peaches come mainly from Delaware and Maryland, and last, in abundance, for about six weeks. Grapes are in the market all through the year, but they ripen and are cheapest here in August.

Late in the fall New York State furnishes us with apples, potatoes, and onions, and after these whatever the market affords that is fresh is from the far South or West, and can be enjoyed only by the very wealthy.

A Baltimore paper says: An amusing incident occurred on Sunday which caused considerable merriment. A gentleman and his wife were returning home from church; the lady was leaning gently upon her husband's arm, when suddenly some one behind started them by calling, "Madame, Madame, does this belong to you?" Upon turning around a gentleman advanced towards the lady with a bonnet in his hand. Imagine the surprise of the lady as well as her husband to find that they had walked nearly a block without discovering the loss. The somewhat disconcerted husband took the bonnet and bestowed it upon his wife.

Minor Household Miseries.

My entire household, including the hired girl, is full of satisfaction to-night over the fact that I have just driven the ax handle into the ax and wedged it there, so that it cannot, under any circumstances, come out. It may read like a small matter to you, but do you know that helve has been loose for nearly five years? Yes, for five years that ax has flung itself across the yard whenever I struck a heavy blow, leaving the helve in my hand, and I suppose I have decided more than a thousand times to go in, get a hammer and chisel and fasten the helve in. I was thrown down and the ax arm broken by the ax flying off, two girls and their noses broken, we spoiled the stove boilers, nearly killed three boys and yet I didn't get around to fix the ax until to-day.

Foster was telling me the other day that he had finally glued the knob on the bureau drawer, and he seemed greatly relieved. I remember when that knob was knocked off—almost seven years ago.

I was helping him move the bureau when the accident occurred, and I never was in the house afterward without hearing Mrs. Foster say:

"Come, Henry, haven't you got time to fix that knob on, this evening?"

"Yes, Martha," he would reply, and yet it was seven years before he got to it. Seven or eight years ago, my neighbor, Mr. Godwin, found a cow among his cabbage one day, and in driving her out, she jumped over the gate and broke one of the hinges. He went in, got a hammer, screwdriver and screws to repair damages, but his wife called him in to breakfast just then. After breakfast he hadn't any time, and so it ran along until the other. He passed through the gate an average of five times per day for about seven years, or thirteen thousand times in all, and he had to lift it up, carry it around and be bothered for half a minute each time. Thirteen thousand times he said to himself that he would fix that confounded gate, and yet he didn't do it until the other day.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago, I was taking dinner with Turner, over on Adams Avenue, and his wife called attention to the fact that she had just broken the handle of her big seven pound flat iron, and she must get another. The other day I met her on the street, and she told me she had replaced that flat iron at last. For thirteen years, fifty-two times per year, she had used that broken handle iron to smooth down her washing, and every time she had said to herself that she would go up next day and order a new one.

Bristow died last week. We were warm friends, and I was with him to the last. After he had called the family up, one by one, and shaken hands and said goodbye, I saw that there was yet something on his mind. I admonished him to trust me, if he had a dying request, and he grasped my hand and replied:

"I've been trying to find time for the last seventeen years to take the butcher knife down to the shop and have it ground, and if it wouldn't be asking too much of you, I wish you'd see to it."

I can remember when old Mrs. Bagley died. She had a china teapot in her house which had belonged to her grandmother, but she had always kept it in the drawer, because the handle was broken and wanted cementing. She gave the teapot to a neighbor, who waited four years for a bottle of cement, and finally knocked the spout off trying to mend the handle.

I don't suppose any of us would forget the day a note was due, but if the knob should drop off a chamber door, I expect that Geo. Francis Train might be elected President before we would find time to replace it.

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fall in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented that would not have been seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorite smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do this thing or that; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

A Pennsylvania Woman.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper tells rather an extravagant story of the exploits of a widow of his acquaintance. It runs thus: We dwell in a branch of the beautiful Clinton Valley in Fayette County, Penn. Just to the east of us are the Chestnut Ridge Mountains, as rough and rocky as mountains generally are. Well, upon the top of the mountains dwells a widow, yet in the prime of life, who is now wealthy, and owns the best mountain farm in Fayette County.

Years ago when quite young, she married a young man who owned this farm and a team and nothing more. The land was uncultured, exceedingly rocky, and full of ravines. In a few months after being married the husband died leaving his wife nothing but this land, cabin and team. Thrown upon her own resources, the widow went to work felling timber, making cross-ties and hauling them to the railroad at Connellsville, distant ten miles, and all without the assistance of any one. This being before the panic times, she made money sufficient to give her a good start in life. Disliking to drive a team or attend to horses, as soon as she considered herself she hired a driver, but continued making cross-ties with her own hands, and between times amused herself with blasting rocks and rolling them into the ravines, thus killing two birds with one stone, clearing the land, and filling up the ravines. Thus, by industry, economy and perseverance, she, in a very few years amassed a considerable fortune, cleared seven-fifty acres of rough land, filling up and leveling over ravines, and fitting them for agricultural purposes. It was indeed an interesting sight to see her sitting on top of a rock, with a drill in one hand and a sledge in the other, piercing the very heart of the rock and blowing it to atoms, and afterward rolling it piece by piece into the ravine. This lady has now a grand house, luxuriously furnished; a first-class piano, from which she brings forth the sweetest music, and fifty thousand in the bank. She has had scores of offers, but she refuses them all, preferring to pass the remainder of her life in single blessedness rather than undergo the pangs of burying another husband.

Destruction of Our Forests and the Resulting Evils.

Mr. Hodges, superintendent of re-planting on one of the chief railroad lines of Minnesota, made an address recently to the Minnesota State Agricultural Society, from which we take the following: Twenty-five years hence, with a million or more of population, our pineries exhausted, the Big Woods pretty well thinned out, the Mississippi drying up, St. Paul and Minneapolis three or four hundred miles above the head of steamboat navigation, mercury forty degrees below zero, and the wind blowing a hurricane, is not the idle reverie of a dreamer. Destroying one hundred and fifty thousand of forest annually, and planting to supply this loss—how much? Can this society answer? Can the State of Minnesota? If not, the answers are in order now, for even now the grasshopper has become a burden, and the mourners go about the street. The frontier settlers of our treeless regions are twisting up prairie grass for fuel, burning prairie sods, and grubbing out old stumps and roots, doing their best to extract sufficient warmth therefrom to prevent their wives and little ones from freezing—alas! not always succeeding. The honest farmer, with loads of our great staple on their way to the nearest market, overtaken with the pitiless storm and frozen to death, without a tree, or bush, or shrub in sight; our public highways and railroads blocked, travel suspended, the mails stopped; commercial and other great interests embarrassed; Bill King elected to Congress and the Governor of this great State too busy in scheming to get into the United States Senate to make even the slightest mention of this great question in his annual message to the Legislature.

Spelling Matches.

Spelling matches were a part of the regular school work in "the good old time," and attracted no attention beyond the circle of those engaged in them. Horace Greeley says of his own spelling:

"It was the custom of the school to 'chose sides' for a spelling match one afternoon of each week, the head of the class and the pupil standing next being the choosers. In my case it was found necessary to change the rule and confide the choice to those who stood second and third respectively, as I, a mere child of four years, could spell, but not choose, often preferring my playmates, who could not spell at all. These spelling matches often took place in the evening, when I could not keep my eyes open, and should have been in bed. It was often necessary to rap me sharply, when 'the word' came round to me, but I never failed to respond; and it came to be said that I spelled as well asleep as awake. I apprehend that this was more likely to be true of some others of the class, who if ever so sound asleep could scarcely have spelled worse than they did."

My Choice.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet—The traces of small, muddy boots; And I see your tapestry glowing All spotted with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are discolored With prints of small fingers and hands; And I see that your own household whiteness All fresh in purity stands.

Yes, I know my "black walnut" is battered, And dented by many small beads; While your own polished stairway, all perfect, Its smooth, shining surface reveals.

And I know that my parlor is littered With prints of small feet and hands; While your own is in daintiest order, Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded Quite boldly, all hours of the day; While you sit in your own uncollected, And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know I have jackets that wear out, And buttons that never stay; While you can outdo me at all times— And learn pretty arts of "society."

And I know there are lessons of spelling, Which I must be patient to hear; While you may sit down to your novel, Or turn the last magazine page.

Yes, I know there are four little bedtimes, Where I must stand watchful, each night; While you may go out in your carriage, And dash in your dresses as bright.

Now I think I'm a neat little woman—I like my house orderly, too; And I'm fond of all dainty belongings— Yet I must not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home, with its order, Its freedom from trouble and noise; And keep your own faithful beams— But give me my four midnight boys.

A Born Teacher.

A remarkable natural teacher in Pennsylvania is described by the New York "Teacher." This man, who was a shoemaker, had such unusual intelligence, and information that the children of his village would gather around to listen to his talk. Presently, divers families surprised him by entreaties to teach their children, and upon his refusal, returned to the charge with the request on paper signed by every man and woman in the village. He accordingly began a school in an old blacksmith's shop, and soon became so interested in his work that he had no thought of ending it. He became known, though not through advertisements, pupils were brought from a distance, a good school business was built up, and since 1820 he has educated 1,896 scholars from abroad. The elements of his success are stated to be a sincere interest in the welfare of every student placed under his charge, his enthusiasm for every thing of a scientific character, and his desire and intention that his pupils shall really know what is brought before them. He spares no expense for apparatus, drawings, and every kind of illustration, especially such as will entertain as well as sow the seeds of science.

A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION SETTLED.

The San Francisco Alta tells the following: "A man died recently at Butler Creek who had never adhered to any particular belief in any specified system of religion, but who bore the reputation of being a liberal, kind-hearted man and good citizen. A minister was requested to conduct the funeral services, and the good man during his discourse said in effect that the deceased had not the least chance of salvation, but had made a bee line for the hot place. Those who heard this were very indignant, and that evening a party of men went to the minister's house, dragged him out of bed, put a rope around his neck declaring they would hang him. He begged hard for life, and finally retracted the aspersions he had cast upon the deceased, and promised to leave the place at once. He was then released, and the next day we packed up his effects and left."

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

An exchange says that one sign of the advance of civilization is this—It is not considered impolite when a woman comes late into church on Sunday, if two or three men are already seated in the pew she enters, for them to move quietly along, and make a place at the head of the pew, instead of rising and ostentatiously fling into the aisle, kicking over footstools and stepping on each other's heels, to allow her to pass to the farthest sitting in the pew. The old custom yet prevails in too many churches. It is a relic of the past ages, when the men of the congregation were momentarily liable to be called to take arms against their crafty foes, the Indians, and it was important that the men should sit where they could the most quickly answer to the summons.